[fic] One History, One Viewpoint.

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Title: One History, One Viewpoint.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG-13.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Abdiel (who is really ___ but spoilers, no it's not an OC), Lucifer/Michael, Dean, Sam, Castiel, Loki, Zachariah, others.
Word Count: 3,487.
Summary: From before Lucifer's first Fall to after the Winchesters stopped the Apocalypse, a viewpoint on Gabriel.
Note: Contains my own viewpoints on how some Biblical events happened, contains angelcest, contains a lot of theorizing on Gabriel. I hope you like it, and yes, I'd like feedback.

And as much as it's about Gabriel, it's also a lot about Michael and Lucifer.

1.

There's something, something so precious about the image before him that he hesitates to interrupt it.

Gabriel nearly pulls away, nearly begs off of his duty for simply five minutes, to let them finish, but the will to do that has never been strong, not in him. Simply to consider the idea spurs him onward, into the room, flaring the essence of his being to alert them that they are not alone.

Within spaces of time that are less than seconds, Michael and Lucifer are apart, and their familiar brightness is blazing, almost so bright that it would hurt Gabriel with their intensity.

Gabriel knows that they both know that he knows, but all of Heaven knows, has known since their creation. The urge to hide is simply a reaction to any knowledge that they all share about their futures.

Lucifer is the one to approach him, intensity fading after seconds, and Gabriel lifts his hands to show the scroll within them.

"Brother," Lucifer says, taking the scroll. "Messenger."

Gabriel straightens, even as he cannot make himself forget the image he saw on entry, of Lucifer's head in Michael's lap, a troubled peace in the lines of their

bodies and light.

"Tell Father that I will speak with him at dawn," Lucifer says, and Gabriel nods, holding to his duty, still seeing the bright lance of pain in Michael's eyes, and the regret in Lucifer's.

They all understand what is to come, that the rebellion will begin, and that this is their last chance to live in a stable world without choice.

And that pain Gabriel feels, the pity he sees in Lucifer's eyes once he spots it - that last chance is fading, and in the dawn they will simply be unable to pretend with conviction.

For Gabriel wants to stop this, and no angel should be able to even think of defying what their Father has laid out for them.

Gabriel turns, leaving as swiftly as he came to return the message, and perhaps, perhaps here he discovers what hatred and despair and fear feel like.

2.

Abdiel is a beacon of strength to many, and even on a battlefield he is a force to behold. His fire burns brightly, and even among the Seraphim he is bright. Even Lucifer balks at his sword, and Gabriel is grateful his Abdiel's presence at his side in this fight.

Gabriel's sword is a familiar weight in his hands, even though he has never had a cause to use it before, and thus has never held it for long before this terrible battle. He is an archangel, however, and meant for battle, and Gabriel can no longer feign ignorance. God intended for this battle to arrive, of that Gabriel is sure.

He can't help the anger that surges in him, or the deep grief, as he can see Lucifer, now burning with a darker light, killing with abandon. His brother is still as beautiful as he was during the first dawn, and Gabriel has a terrible thought: He wants to join his Brother, to turn and raise his sword against his other brethren and give voice to his anger at his Father for allowing this to happen.

The thought paralyzes him for seconds, until Abdiel is beside him, looking for injury, and Gabriel cannot help but reach out and touch the seraph's fire, feeling the warmth both comfort and sear him. He ignores Abdiel's startled look and regains himself.

“Thank you,” He says, relieved to be reminded that joining Lucifer would cause him to lose much, much more than he would gain.

“You are welcome,” Abdiel says, and perhaps he knows what Gabriel means. Gabriel resolves to speak with him later, and perhaps this is the first decision he has made with newly acquired will.

3.

The archangel Michael is a changed being, and Gabriel can see it in the new lines of sorrow and solidity as he takes the scroll from Gabriel's hands. The battle is over, they are victorious, but it is bitter. Too many of Gabriel and Michael's kin are in the Pit, and Gabriel wishes he did not have to deliver this list to Heaven's Supreme General.

(God has been absent from this, after this morning's exchange with Lucifer.)

Michael doesn't ask him to leave, and so Gabriel stays as Michael reads the list of the newly Fallen, and the newly dead. Michael doesn't share his grief, and already Gabriel can tell that this will hurt Michael through the centuries. Gabriel shares his grief, to those he trusts, and he trusts perhaps too many others, as so many of them have already Fallen, or are dead.

(Gabriel didn't know that angels could die, but they can and do, when a sword has been shoved through them. Angels die by going out, bang, like a candle.)

“Go, Gabriel,” Michael says after time has passed, and Gabriel goes. He will not linger and intrude on Michael's stony grief.

4.

Gabriel has made other decisions since the battle: he will become more powerful, he will not let his brethren die again. He has decided to harden his heart against his Fallen brothers and sisters so he will not care about them any more.

So that he can kill them when he meets them again. It is his duty, after all, as one of Heaven's weapons.

5.

Abdiel is standing alone in a round room when Gabriel finds him. The room is made of glass and gold and mirrors, and Abdiel is at the very center of it, reflected from every polished surface.

Gabriel mars the reflections with his presence, and Abdiel welcomes him to stand closer to him.

“Too many are gone,” Gabriel says, and he is not ashamed to find tears falling from his eyes at the thought. He may be the angel of vengeance, revelation and mercy among many other things, but he cannot hide his grief now.

His tears are reflected and reflected again, and the room itself seems to be grieving with him, in its colors of white and gold and clarity.

Abdiel is still a warm presence, fire within spilling out though not visibly, and Gabriel discovers an impulsive action for the first time: he throws himself into Abdiel's arms, holding on tightly. It is a new and terrifying thing to do, when he

thinks of the humans and their clinging to each other when terrified, and Gabriel almost pulls back, but Abdiel has wrapped his arms around Gabriel and they stand quietly together.

Gabriel thinks that surely scenes like this are being repeated elsewhere throughout Heaven, as each angel finds their own way to recover after the tragedy.

Abdiel is warm against him, and Gabriel trusts him, and so he closes his eyes and lets his mind empty for the moment. For a moment, he finds peace.

6.

“Gabriel,” Abdiel says. “This will not become more.”

“I know,” Gabriel says. He rests a hand on Abdiel's chest and thinks of how much he does know, and how much he wishes he could tell Abdiel that he was lying.

He smiles at Abdiel, hiding everything under a smile, and they kiss, warmth and light mingling.

It won't become more, it will never last, but here right now Gabriel finds it okay to be more if only for one night. Abdiel lets him deepen the kiss and turn it in another direction, and Abdiel lets him choose to let him kiss his way down his chest and across his hips and on his thighs.

Abdiel's hands rest on his back and shoulders and wings as Gabriel makes it more, kissing and licking an all too human place that may or may not be there in the dawn.

But Gabriel will never forget how Abdiel looks in ectasy, and how he tastes, and how he let Gabriel have this too precious thing.

Gabriel will never forget how Abdiel tastes: sweet and rich, and full of fire that sears but does not burn.

7.

God has orders for his angels, a clarion call that Gabriel obeys. The Nephilim die at Gabriel's bloody sword, regardless of his feelings on the matter, and as Gabriel murders half-angel children he wonders why he was given free will, if he must still do this.

There is a pregnant woman, belly swollen with child that Gabriel knows that shouldn't be in this world. As he kills his brother who is protecting her, he cannot bring himself to kill her.

He tells her to go, voice cold, and he leaves before his attending garrisons catch up with him.

God knows he let her go, Gabriel knows this. But Father says nothing, and Gabriel wonders if he did the right thing or not. But he remembers her scared eyes and he thinks of other children he was made to kill, and he thinks that he should have let more flee.

8.

Gabriel watches as his brothers and sisters harden their hearts further to defend themselves from the pain of losing even more of their kin and he watches as more and more of them come to hate the humans, the creatures they killed their kin over to protect.

None of them dare express their hatred to God, and none of them dare act in any manner that may lead to a Fall. No angel wants to follow Lucifer's example.

Gabriel watches as Abdiel grows bitter from watching Earth. He watches Michael turn into a statue, a simple machine who does as God orders and little else, out of grief and anger and fear of being anything other than the good son. He watches as Raphael learns rage, and he sees Uriel lose his love for their Father's creations.

Gabriel wonders what he is losing, and he smiles more often, hiding grief away.

He wonders when the tipping point will be reached, and he wonders where he will land in the aftermath.

9.

The tipping point is this:

"Gabriel, we must allow it to happen." Michael is firm, and Gabriel knows he will never yield. The complaint is only a token resistance to a cruel plan, but he knows. They all know. They are their Father's creations, and they must obey or Fall. Even if they have the freedom to Fall, no one will dare to.

Abdiel will not hear of it at all.

"You will do your duty, Gabriel, or someone else will."

"I don't want to."

"It needs to happen."

Gabriel bows his head and flies to Earth, delivering holy news to a virgin mother and if he may say so? It was the best acting performance he had ever given.

Knowing what will come is a burden Gabriel has never wanted less.

Knowing that he has helped birth this future is something he can live with even less.

And Heaven is loud and glorious in its pleasure that a babe is born on Earth.

10.

So what choices are there to an angel who does not want to Fall, and who does not want to be an angel?

Gabriel thinks long and hard and watches Earth much more closely, learning customs and histories and he develops an idea of a plan. He doesn't tell Abdiel, Abdiel whom he once loved and trusted for letting him grieve in his arms.

Abdiel, who finds him watching Earth one night. He greets him with a kiss, and Gabriel knows that something is wrong.

"Gabriel," He says, eyes bright. Gabriel can see his fires there, and he thinks that they would burn if he touched them now. "Gabriel, it won't be long before the pain is gone."

"What do you mean?"

"We're preparing for it. It won't be today, or in the next hundred years, but we're preparing for it." Abdiel laughs, and Gabriel blood runs cold.

"You mean."

"Father has said nothing! Nothing for years! We're preparing, Gabriel."

"Abdiel - "

"No, no, I'm no mere servant now. I'm Zachariah, Gabriel, I'm going to help Michael return Earth and Heaven back to how it was. We're recalling our history and bringing it forward."

Gabriel is silent, feeling sick. His brother, Michael. Something must have pushed him too far, but then, Gabriel knows. He's been ignoring this for a long time.

Michael's been broken since Lucifer's first Fall, and it's only taken this long for that break to turn sour, infected.

Zachariah kisses him again. "Be ready, Gabriel, with your horn." He whispers, and is gone.

Gabriel looks at his hands and at Earth and wonders if he can stop anything if he won't blow his horn. But he knows that won't be enough, that *he* won't be enough to stop Heaven's will.

11.

Gabriel stands at the gates of Heaven and with a last look at home he lets himself descend, descend further than Earth, all the way to a deep dark of a

cavern that he shouldn't know about.

He does, though, and to his relief he finds the deity there, screaming hoarsely as the acid bites into him.

Then the cup covers him, catches the venom, and Gabriel approaches him.

Loki twists, and with a broken voice asks: "Why are you here, angel?"

Gabriel's gambling, here, when he says "I am offering you a measure of freedom from your destiny in exchange for a place to hide."

Loki's lips twist in a grimace, and he laughs. "You can't interfere, you know that!"

"Then I will suffer your fate when your time comes." Gabriel says flatly. "May I?"

Loki stares at him, and the old god is studying him. Long minutes pass, the cup almost fills to the brim when he says 'Fine.'

The cavern fills with light, the serpent holds its venom, and the woman waits, sitting on the rock.

Loki and Gabriel are gone, but the woman knows that one day Loki will return. Loki and Gabriel know it too, but they will endure that when the time comes.

Loki whispers that if Gabriel can, he might even be able to screw Loki's destiny up, and he'd owe him for that. Gabriel whispers back that Loki might be able to screw his destiny up, and he'd owe him for that.

Loki's laughter is as unsettling as it is comforting, but Gabriel feels safe in his arms, hidden. Loki is cold, so different from Abdiel, but Gabriel can live with that. He can live, after all, and be free from Heaven's maddened grief.

12.

The moment Gabriel kills that professor and watches his body fall from the window, he knows that what he has been afraid of is coming. It's not a hundred years away any more.

Loki and he know each other now, and Gabriel doesn't flinch from so many things he once flinched from. He's cruel, hedonistic, everything he wasn't. Sure, he still laughs to cover up hurt, but this time he finds what hurts him and sends it to an ironic death.

Loki likes him. "Angel, you have a wicked sense of humor," He complimented him once, and only years later did Gabriel thank him for it.

But the Winchesters roll into town, he plays more pranks, and he has to stop himself. He wants to strangle them, to kill them as well as he can, simply to raise his face to Heaven and wreck their plans. There are moments when he can see

them trying to fool him, trying to kill him when he almost reaches out and snaps Dean's neck and takes his soul from him, hiding it from Heaven and Hell.

He doesn't. He lets them think he's dead, and eats more chocolate. It's good, it helps him escape his thoughts, and it helps him ignore Loki's mocking laughter behind his ears.

13.

The second time, he kills Dean in all the ways he wishes he could and even has a neat lesson plan for Sam. He almost, *almost* lets it stick the last time.

But Sam. Sam Sam Sam. Gabriel looked at him, saw him beg, saw Lucifer behind his eyes, begging for his brother, and he *remembered* a time from long, long ago.

"Please," Sam says. "Just." He can't finish it. "Please."

Gabriel opens his mouth to say something and stops, freezes Sam in time for a moment to stare at him. There is Lucifer. Here is Father. There is Michael.

There is Lucifer, head on Michael's lap, before that painful morning. There is Lucifer, proud and straight and tall, saying *'Father, you will let him live'* in defiance of Michael's destiny.

There is Lucifer, on the battlefield, refusing to make the blow that could have won him Heaven, and there is Michael casting him to Hell with the fury of betrayed love, a betrayed brother.

Gabriel lets time stutter back into play, and drops his head. He can't stop it again, and Loki is just *howling* with laughter at his useless struggle and,

"I swear it's like talking to a brick wall," He pauses, stares at Sam, then breathes in. It almost hurts to be so flippant over this. "Okay, look. This all stopped being fun months ago. You're Travis Bickle in a skirt, pal. I'm over it."

"Meaning what?" Sam says, and Gabriel can see the desperate hope in Lucifer's eyes there.

"Meaning that's for me to know, and you to find out."

He snaps his fingers.

13.

Seeing Abdiel - no, Zachariah, Gabriel hates that name - torment the Winchesters almost draws him into interfering.

Instead, he lets the Winchesters trap him. He gives them all the information that they should have had. He tells Castiel something that Castiel should have accepted long ago, because Father isn't talking. He won't talk to Castiel, that's for

sure.

Then Dean. Dean, who he can't kill now without making it all worse. He still wants to. Dean.

Dean doesn't understand, he thinks. He stood up to his family. His horn is down on Earth, un-blown, not at all what Heaven wants, right? But Loki's hissing agreement and Gabriel wishes he could kill Dean.

He doesn't, and the fire goes out, and he lets them go.

14.

He stands vigil over Zachariach's fallen form for seven days, because he cannot make himself fly to Heaven for proper grief, and he cannot let Abdiel's memory go unmourned.

For a time before there was pain, and for a time when Abdiel let him grieve in his arms.

15.

Loki makes him blow his cover. Loki and Dean. A voice from inside him, a voice from without. Gabriel raises his sword in defense of Loki's kin and in defense of a deity he respects and in defense of Dean and Sam Winchester.

His brother stabs him, because Gabriel can't go through with it, can't do more then go as far as he did.

Loki is why he survives.

"You were wrapped up enough in me to live, angel," Loki tells him, and Gabriel hurts and feels weak, but he gets up from the ash on the floor days later.

"I couldn't." He says out loud.

"I couldn't kill Odin." Loki says. Gabriel understands. Even if Lucifer had stood a chance of killing Loki's kin, Loki would have made Gabriel get involved. As it was, however, the deities let their failure to stop Lucifer stand as their protest and returned to their realms.

"Why isn't Odin here?" Gabriel asks Loki, after a moment. "He knows."

"He always knew." Loki tells him, and Gabriel thinks of his Father and understands.

Gabriel's made his choice, however, and he stops following the Winchesters. Heaven knows what he did. The Winchesters have a chance.

It's back into hiding for him, for now.

16.

He knows that the Winchesters succeeded the moment they do. He can feel Michael's absence, and Lucifer's and he stares at his chocolate bar, thinking that maybe this was how it was supposed to end.

He knows that Michael will fight with Lucifer, in their cage, but he knows that eventually memories will win them over, and that they have a chance of being together.

He thinks of Sam Winchester. He thinks of Dean Winchester.

When he tells Loki that he needs to go, he gets laughter and a hint of impatience.

There is light, and then Gabriel is flying to Heaven, to go home. It will hurt, to be seen there. It will hurt, he knows.

But he needs to see Heaven, and to thank Castiel, and to be home.

And - some small part of him that is still the Messenger says - to share the news that this is how it should have ended, that Michael is where he should be, at Lucifer's side. Few angels will accept it, but all will remember how it was, before everything happened.

Gabriel flies home, and hopes for the best, and that's all he can do, has been doing forever, but this time he returns knowing that in some ways he made a difference, and that Heaven and Hell and Earth are better for it.